

O LET ME IN THIS AE
NIGHT.

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To which are added,

Old England, O.

The Flowers of the Forest.

The Desponding Negro.

Roy's Wife of Aldivalloch

The Land o'the Leal,



Stirling Printed by C. Randall.]



O LET ME IN THIS AE NIGHT.

O Lassie art thou sleeping yet?
Or art thou waking I would wit?
For love has bound me hand and foot,
And I wad fain be in, jo.

 O let me in this ae night,
This ae, ae, ae night,
For pity's sake this ae night,
O wad ye let me in, jo.

Out o'er the moss, out o'er the muir,
I cam this dark and dreary hour;
And here I stand without the doof,
Amid the pouring rain, jo.
O let me, &c.

Thou kears't the winter's wind and wet,
Nae star blinks through the driving sleep,
Tak pity on my weary feet,
And shield me frae the rain, jo.
O let me, &c.

The bitter blast that round me blaws,
Unheeded houl's unheeded fa's;
The cauldness o' thy heart's the cause
Of a' my grief and pain, jo.
O let me, &c.

O tell nae me of wind and rain;
 Upbraid nae me wi' cauld disdain;
 Gae back the gate ye cam' again,
 I winna let you in, jo.

OLD ENGLAND, O.

HUZZA! my boys, for England, O,
 My boys, huzza, for England, O;
 Faction soon will prostrate lie,
 And the wreaths of victory
 Shall adorn the brow of Old England, O.
 Faction soon, &c.

Old Neptune's pride is England, O,
 Old Neptune's pride is England, O,
 To her mild and equal reign,
 He resign'd the liquid main,
 And the queen of the seas is Old England, O.
 To her mild, &c.

We dearly love Old England, O,
 We dearly love Old England, O,
 Let us then our rights maintain,
 And in steady faith remain,
 The loyal sons of Old England, O.
 Let us then, &c.

For shame! ye sons of England, O,
 Ye bastard sons of England, O;
 To forge the trait'rous pike and lance,
 And court the smiles of mad'ning France,
 All intent on the ruin of England, O.
 To forge, &c.

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Reflect ye sons of England, O,
Deluded sons of England, O,
Is not your peace and safety fled?
Where doth freedom rest her head,
But secure in the bosom of England, O
Is not, &c.

Then why fall out with England, O,
Or why dispute with England, O?
Is she not a parent kind?
Then give resentment to the wind,
And again be the friends of Old England, O.
Is she not &c.

Your glasses fill to England, O
A bumper charge to England, O
Long may she give the nations peace,
And may her empire never cease,
Nor French mobs be thought friends of Old Eng-
land, O.
Long may, &c.

THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST.

I'VE seen the smiling of Fortune beguiling,
I've felt all its favors and found its decay;
Sweet was its blessing, kind its caressing,
But now 'tis fled,—fled far away.

I've seen the forest adorned the foremost,
With flowers of the fore st most pleasing &
gaudy,
So bonny was their blooming their scents the
air perfuming,
But now they are wither'd and wedded away.

I've seen the morning with gold the hills adorn-
ning,

And the loud tempest storming before the mid-
day;

I've seen Tweed's silver streams, shining in the
sunny beams

Grow drumly and dark as they roll'd on their
way.

O fickle fortune! why thus cruel sporting,

O why thus perplex us poor sons of a day,
Nae mair your smiles can cheer me, nae mair
your frowns can fear me,

For the flow'rs of the forest are withered a-
way.

THE DESPONDING NEGRO.

ON Afric's wide plains, where the lions, loud
roaring,

With freedom stalk forth, the vast desart explor-
ing,

I was dragg'd from my hut, and enchain'd as a
slave,

In a dark floating dungeon, upon the salt wave.

Spare a halfpenny, spare a halfpenny!

O spare a halfpenny to a poor Negro.

Toss'd on the wide main, I, all wildly despair-
ing,

Burst my chains, rush'd on deck, with my eye-
balls wide glaring,

When the lightning's dread blast struck the in-
lets of day,

And its glorious bright beams shut for ever a-
way,

Spare a halfpenny, &c.

The despoiler of man then his prospect thus los-
ing,

Of gain, by my sale—not a blind bargain choos-
ing,

As my value, compar'd with my keeping, was
light,

Had me dash'd overboard in the dead of the
night.

Spare a halfpenny, &c.

And but for a bark, to Britannia's coast bound
then,

All my cares, by that plunge in the deep, had
been drown'd then,

But, by moonlight descry'd I was snatch'd from
the wave,

And reluctantly robb'd of a watery grave,

Spare a halfpenny, &c.

How disastrous my fate; freedom's ground tho
I tread now,

Torn from home, wife, and children, and wand-
ring for bread now,

While seas roll between us, which ne'er can be
cross'd,

And hope's distant glimm'ring, in darkness are
lost.

Spare a halfpenny, &c

But of minds foul and fair, when the judge and
the pond'rer,

Shall restore light an rest, to the blind and the
 wand'rer,
 The European's deep dye may out-rival the sloe,
 And the soul of an Ethiop prove white as the snow.
 Spare a halfpenny, &c.

ROY'S WIFE OF ALDIVALLOCH.

ROY'S wife of Aldivalloch,
 Roy's wife of Aldivalloch,
 Wat she how she cheated me,
 As I cam o'er the braes o' Balloch?

She vow'd she swore she wad be mine,
 She said she lo'ed me best of ony,
 But oh! the fickle faithless quean,
 She's ta'en the carle, and left her Johnny.

O she was a canty quean,
 And weel could dance the Highland walloch,
 How happy I had she been mine,
 Or I'd been Roy of Aldivalloch.

Her face sae fair, her een sae clear,
 Her wee bit mou' sae sweet and bonny,
 To me she ever will be dear,
 Tho' she's for ever left her Johnny.

THE LAND O' THE LEAL

I'M wearing awa' Jean,
 Like snaw when it's thaw, Jean,
 I'm wearing awa'
 To the land o' the leal.

There's nae sorrow there, Jean,
 There's nae could nor care, Jean,
 The day is ay fair
 In the land o' the leal.

Ye were ay leal an' true, Jean,
 Your task's ended now, Jean,
 And I'll welcome you
 To the land o' the leal.

Our bonny bairn's there, Jean,
 She was baith guid and fair, Jean,
 And we grudg'd her right sair
 To the land o' the leal.

Then dry that tearfu' ee, Jean,
 My soul lings to be free, Jean,
 And angels wait on me
 To the land o' the leal.

Now fare ye weel my ain Jean,
 This world's care is vain, Jean,
 We'll meet and ay be fain
 In the land o' the leal.

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FINIS.